



WHITE STREAK



THE CADET



CHAMELEON

November 

TARGET

10¢

T
A
R
G
E
T



Like a human juggernaut, the TARGET crashed through the window and pounced upon the conspirator!

Vol. 2
No. 9



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

YE EDITORS' PAGE

\$1⁰⁰

FOR EACH LETTER PUBLISHED

\$1⁰⁰

Dear Readers:

With the exception of Fred Fartin's letter we have practically dedicated Ye Editors' Page for this issue to our girl readers, as you will note below. Many excellent letters are received from girls, but they are considerably outnumbered by the letters received from boys. We are delighted with the response from girls as well as from boys and take this means of thanking them for their constructive help on TARGET.

Cardially,
The Editors

Dear Sirs:

TARGET COMICS are my favorite comics, and I read them every month. The only thing that I think could be improved is the cover. I think for one thing that the cover is too spotty, and that one or two solid pictures would really look much nicer. My mother is an artist and she says this would improve the cover a lot.

Sincerely yours,
Helen Stevenson
Springdale, Connecticut

—(We appreciate your constructive criticism, Helen, on the cover of TARGET and agree that from an artistic standpoint you may be right. Upon requests from many readers, however, we try to tell a story on the cover which is related to a story in the magazine which might account for the spottiness.) * * *

Dear Editors:

TARGET and BLUE BOLT are my favorites. The character "Spacehawk" is a little too fantastic in the opinion of my friends and me. Many letters have been written about this but he still continues to do things too impossible to imagine. Other than that I think TARGET is a grand magazine.

I have tried many comic books, but I always come back to TARGET and BLUE BOLT.

Jacquelyn James
Monroe, Louisiana

—(Thank you, Jacquelyn, for your praise and criticism. At our readers' request we took the horror out of "Spacehawk" but left in the fantastic parts since that is the type of character the majority want.) * * *

Dear Gentlemen:

The July issue is the first I have ever read of TARGET. I never before was interested in comics, but TARGET changed my opinion. From now on, I will be a monthly reader of this magazine.

"The Cadet" is one of my favorites. It has, as you have already said, action, adventure, and thrills. And as for the "Target and The Targeteers" it never loses my interest. Nothing in the

whole book is boring. "The Chameleon" really and truly could happen in every day life. Nothing in it is fantastic or unreal.

Fleurette Robatin
Homer City, Pennsylvania

—(It is very gratifying to the editors, Fleurette, to receive so many letters such as yours from people not interested in comics until they read TARGET.)

* * *

Gentlemen:

In the last issue of TARGET I noticed an article on the Editors' Page about the illustrations of the airplanes in "Lucky Byrd". I agree with the writer of this letter who complained that some planes are not drawn correctly. That is, they do not look like the planes they are supposed to represent.

Another fault I find is that they are mostly all of the same type. I believe that if there was greater attention paid to technical detail the story would be more realistic.

Yours truly,
Fred Fartin
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

—(We have already taken this up with our artists, Fred, who really know something about planes, and I am sure that you will find no criticism in the future.) * * *

Dear Editor:

I have just finished reading the August issue of TARGET. It is swell, and may I say that I especially like "The Cadet". My main reason for liking it is because it is so much more realistic than the others. And Art Gates, the artist, certainly paints a handsome picture of Kit — not to mention "Spacehawk" and the beautiful girls in "Target and The Targeteers."

Well, I have had my say so I will close with the hope that TARGET COMICS will go on for many years.

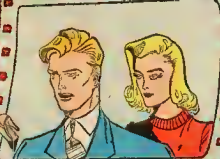
Yours very truly,
Ruth Shee
Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania

—(We like to hear that you notice and appreciate the different artists' work.)

ONE DOLLAR WILL BE SENT TO THE WRITER OF EACH LETTER PUBLISHED ON YE EDITORS' PAGE.
ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO TARGET COMICS, 292 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK.

THE TARGET and the

TARGETEERS



SCOOP THAT ISN'T A SCOOP PLUNGES A YOUNG NEWSREEL REPORTER INTO THE MIDDLE OF A PLOT TO HIJACK MEDICAL SUPPLIES FOR BRITAIN...AND LAUNCHES THE TARGETEERS ON AN ADVENTURE MORE THRILLING THAN ANY EVER FILMED.

A FULL LENGTH FEATURE
STARRING THE THREE TARGETS

by SID GREENE

A MARBLE RIVER STORY

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ELEVEN IN THE MORNING AT
MILES REED'S APARTMENT....

SAY, DAVE, SEE
WHO'S AT THE DOOR,
WILL YOU PLEASE?

HEY, IF ANY OF
YOU GUYS WANT EGGS
FOR BREAKFAST, LET
ME KNOW. I'M BOILING
THE WATER.

SURE,
NILES.

WELL! BOB NORTH,
AREN'T YOU WORKING
TODAY, OR DID YOU
GET THE DAY OFF?

YEAH, DAVE,
I'M OFF. OFF
FOR GOOD!

DON'T TELL ME
YOU LOST YOUR
JOB, BOB!

YEAH, YEAH, AW,
BUT IT'S MY OWN
FAULT, TOM.

GOSH, WHATTA YOU
GOING TO TELL
YOUR WIFE?

THAT'S WHAT'S BOTHERING
ME. WE'VE BEEN MARRIED
THREE WEEKS AND NOW I
HAVE TO GO NEXT DOOR
AND TELL HER THIS!

TELL YOU WHAT,
BOB. I'LL GET YOUR
WIFE AND YOU'LL
TELL US ALL WHAT
HAPPENED. I'LL GIVE
YOU MORAL SUPPORT!

DARLING, MR REED SAID
YOU WERE HERE. WHAT
HAPPENED? DID THE BOSS
GIVE YOU THE DAY OFF, OR
DON'T YOU FEEL WELL?

NO, NO, MONEY, NOTHING
LIKE THAT. I WAS
"CANNED", FIRED. IN
FACT I LOST MY JOB!

OH DARLING,
YOU DIDN'T!

YES I DID.
LOOK, I'LL
TELL YOU
HOW IT
HAPPENED.

A CALL COMES INTO
THE OFFICE THAT A
BIG FIRE IS RAGING
ON CLARION STREET
AND THE BOSS SENDS
ME OUT TO FILM IT!
IT'S A SURE SCOOP!

"BOY, WHAT A BLAZE THAT WAS! THE BOYS IN THE TRUCK DOWNSTAIRS WERE MAKING A SOUND TRACK ON FILM WHILE I WAS PHOTOGRAPHING THE WHOLE THING. NO OTHER NEWSREEL MAN WAS AROUND AND I HAD A SURE SCOOP OF THIS THRILLING EVENT."

"WHEN I GOT BACK TO THE OFFICE, GINSBERG, THAT'S MY BOSS, BOY, HE WAS HAPPY AS A LARK; YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN HIM....."



BOBBY, MINE BOY, I COULD KISSIN' YOU! QUICK GIFF ME DE CAMERA, VELL GET DE FILLUMS DEVELOPED!

O.K. HERE MR GINSBERG TELL 'EM TO DO A GOOD JOB!

"IN A FEW SECONDS, HE COMES BACK, MAD AS THE DEVIL. BOY, WAS HE SORE. HE HANDS ME MY CAMERA AND"

GET OUT! YOU BUMMER, YOU LOAFER, YOU! YOU BIG DUMBBELL GET OUT FROM HERE, YOU IS FRED!

B-B-BUT MR. GINSBERG, WH- WHAT'S THE MATTER?



BUT DARLING, WHY DID HE FIRE YOU?

WELL, PREPARE YOURSELF FOR A SHOCK-I FORGOT TO LOAD THE CAMERA WITH FILM!

YEAH, BOB, THERE MUST BE A REASON

AW, DON'T WORRY, DEAR, TONIGHT WE'LL GO OUT AND CELEBRATE. ALL RIGHT?

O.K. HONEY, WE WILL.

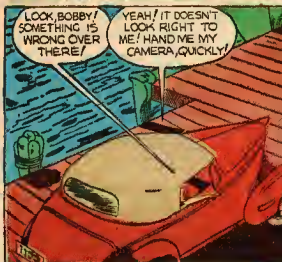
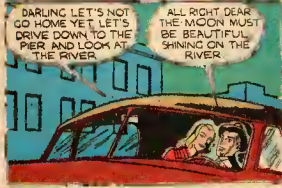
SURE, FORGET IT. BOB'LL GET ANOTHER JOB!

OF COURSE HE WILL, MR. REED.

O.K. LINDA, TONIGHT WE'LL HAVE A SWELL TIME.



THAT NIGHT AFTER A DAY TIME WAS
HAD BY MR. AND MRS. NORTH...



SINISTER EYES OBSERVE
BOB AND LINDA
NORTH.



THE ORIENTAL WOMAN FINALLY PERSUADES A FEW MEN TO LISTEN TO HER, AND BOB AND LINDA ARE BROUGHT TO THEIR ATTENTION.



AS THEIR CAR COMES TO A STOP IN THE SHADOWS OF THE DOCKS, A STRANGE SIGHT ATTRACTS LINDA NORTH'S ATTENTION.....





STEPPING ON THE GAS, BOB SURGES PAST HIS WOULD-BE ABDUCTORS.



A FEW BLOCKS AWAY, THE NORTH'S CAR COMES TO A STOP.



AFTER A HALF HOUR DRIVE, BOB FOLLOWS THE ORIENTAL'S CAR, DOWN A COUNTRY ROAD, WHERE IT COMES TO A STOP

THEY'RE SLOWING UP, I BETTER STOP HERE AND FOLLOW 'EM ON FOOT!



WALKING A SHORT DISTANCE FROM HIS PARKED CAR, BOB COMES UPON THE STRANGERS' CAR, PARKED BEHIND A TREE NEAR AN OLD HOUSE

HM-Mmm THIS IS THEIR HIDEOUT, ALL RIGHT! I'LL HAVE TO SNEAK IN SOMEHOW!



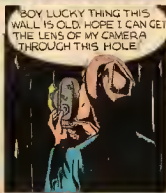
HOPE THEY DON'T HEAR ME! UMPH, THESE WINDOWS STICK LIKE GLUE!



AH, I HEAR VOICES! THEY'RE IN THE NEXT ROOM!

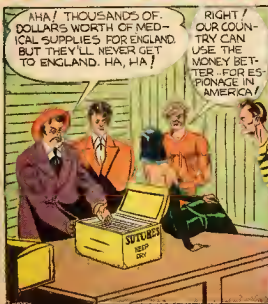


BOY LUCKY THING THIS WALL IS OLD. HOPE I CAN GET THE LENS OF MY CAMERA THROUGH THIS HOLE!



AHA! THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS WORTH OF MEDICAL SUPPLIES FOR ENGLAND. BUT THEY'LL NEVER GET TO ENGLAND. HA, HA!

RIGHT! OUR COUNTRY CAN USE THE MONEY BETTER FOR ESPIONAGE IN AMERICA!



BOY, OH, BOY! OH BOY, HOW I WISH I HAD MY SOUND CREW HERE!



FATHER! LISTEN! DO YOU HEAR THAT BUZZ?

YES! SOMEBODY IN OTHER ROOM. GO GET HIM!



BOB BATTLES HIS ASSAILANTS, AS THEY TRY TO SUBDUCE HIM.



SO! YOU THOUGHT
YOU COULD SNOOP
ON US AND GET
AWAY, EH?

SHOULD I KILL
HIM NOW,
CHIEF?

FATHER WAIT! THAT'S
THE ONE WHO WAS TAKING
PICTURES AND THERE'S A
CAMERA ON THE FLOOR!

AH GOOD, BUGGSO,
DEVELOP FILMS IN
DARK LOOM. THEN WE
TAKE CARE OF HIM.

O.K. CHIEF.
WATCH
HIM!

15 MINUTES LATER.

HEY CHIEF,
THE ROBBERY AIN'T
ON DESE FILMS!

WHERE ARE
THOSE FILMS?
TELL ME!

WOULDN'T
YOU LIKE
TO KNOW?

BE STUBBLO
EH? TAKE
CARE OF
HIM!

A SEVERE BEATING IS ADMINISTERED TO BOB AND STILL HE REFUSES TO DIVULGE THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE FILM.

HA! HA! THAT
WOULD BE FAIR! AND
WE DON'T PLAY FAIR!

YOU RATS! I'LL
FIGHT YOU ONE
AT A TIME!

TIE HIM TO THAT
CHAIR, WE'LL GIVE HIM
ANOTHER GOING OVER
IN A FEW MINUTES.

TSUTSUKI, YOU
CAN LEAD ENGL-
ISH. HERE IS
HIS WALLET. SEE
WHAT IS INSIDE.

AH! SO THE
BRAVE AMERICAN
HAS A WIFE. AND HIS
HOME ADDRESS.
H-M-M-M

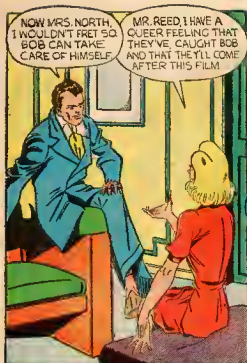
YOU DIRTY- LEAVE
MY WIFE OUTTA
THIS! YOU RATS!

HA, HA! THE PROUD
ONE SQUIRMS.
FATHER, SEND TWO
MEN TO GET
HIS WIFE!

MEANWHILE, MRS. NORTH, WOR-
RIED ABOUT HER HUSBAND'S FUTURE
TO RETURN HOME, CONSULTS
NILES REED.

AND HE HASN'T
RETURNED YET,
MRS. NORTH?

NO, MR.
REED,
AND I'M SO
WORRIED



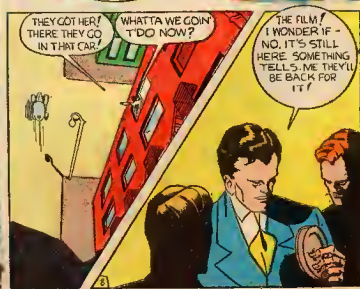
NILES TAKES LINDA NORTH TO HER APARTMENT AND OFFERS HIS ADVICE.



BACK IN HIS OWN APARTMENT, NILES SPEAKS TO DAVE AND TOM.



TWO HOURS LATER, AS MRS. NORTH SITS IN HER APARTMENT WAITING FOR HER HUSBAND TO RETURN, TWO SINISTER FIGURES STEAL INTO HER APARTMENT...



LINDA IS BROUGHT TO THE HIDEOUT...



HERE SHE IS, CHIEF

HA/HA! GOOD!

TIE HER TO THAT TABLE AND BEAT HER TILL HE TALKS!



I WON'T TELL THEM, BOB! I WON'T!

PLEASE LINDA, TELL EM WHERE THE FILM IS, PLEASE!



ALL RIGHT, BOB, I'M DOING IT ONLY FOR YOU. OH-H-H MY BACK.

BACK AT THE NORTH'S APARTMENT...



PUT THE BLANK FILM IN PLACE OF THE USED FILM?

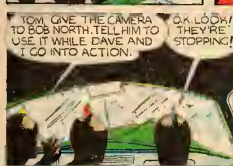
OK. NILES, NOW I HOPE THEY COME

IN A SHORT WHILE



HERE THEY COME BOYS, QUIET!

THE TWO MEN, AFTER STEALING THE SUPPOSEDLY USED FILM, SPEED AWAY IN THEIR CAR WITH THE TARGET AND THE TARGETEERS ON THEIR TRAIL



TOM, GIVE THE CAMERA TO BOB NORTH. TELL HIM TO USE IT WHILE DAVE AND I GO INTO ACTION.

OK. LOOK! THEY'RE STOPPING!



UNTIE THE CAMERAMAN!

O.K. TARGET!

FATHER USE A GUN/A GUN!



INSIDE THE HIDEOUT...

WE GOT IT, CHIEF!

GOOD, GOOD! VELLY GOOD.



SUDDENLY...

IT ISN'T AS GOOD AS YOU THINK!

WHAT? WHO?!!

STOP 'EM! STOP 'EM!

HERE'S A CAMERA
BUDDY GET TO WORK!
DON'T WORRY, I'LL UN-
TIE YOUR WIFE.

PLEASE HURRY,
GET HER
LOOSE!

I DON'T KNOW
WHO YOU ARE,
BUT THANK GOD
YOU'RE HERE

I'M ONE OF THE
TARGETEERS!
STAY NEAR
YOUR HUSBAND

THE BATTLE CONTINUES WITH
THE TARGET AND THE TARGETEERS
GAINING THE UPPER HAND.....

THIS IS THE
WAY I DRIVE
A POINT
HOME!

POW

THIS KNIFE
STOP YOU!
OH! WH-

THAT'S WHAT
YOU THINK!

BULLETS
WILL STOP
HIM! NO!
THEY DON'T!

BANG

BANG

I GOT HER
TARGET!

YOU LEAVE
TSUTSUKI
GO!

WHATTA YOU GOIN'
T'DO IF SHE DOESN'T
WANT TO?

WHAP

BOY, OH, BOY OH
BOY. WHAT A NEWS-
REEL THIS'LL MAKE

THE TARGET AND THE
TARGETEERS COM-
PLETE THEIR WORK IN
A SHORT WHILE...

WE'RE LEAVING NOW!
YOU GET THE POLICE!

O.K.!
THANKS.

THE NEXT DAY....

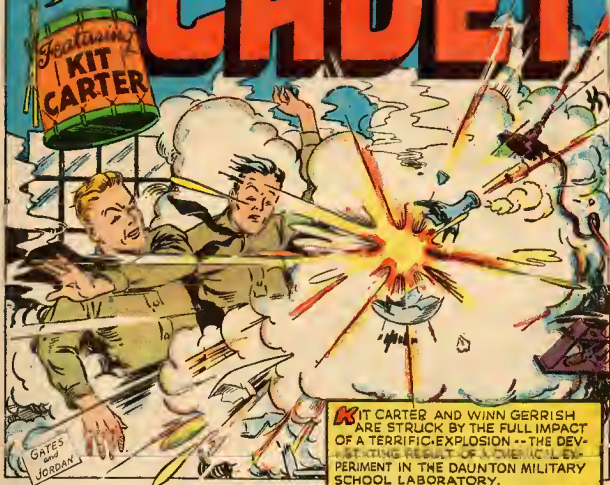
DAILY POST
NOVEMBER 10 1941
TARGET AIDS CAMERA-
MAN AND WIFE
(GROVE TALKS)

LOOK AT THIS NILES
OFFERS FOR A FLOCK
OF JOBS AND I OWE
IT ALL TO THE
TARGET!

YOU SURE
DO. I WONDER
WHO THE
TARGET IS?

THERE'LL BE A THRILLING
TARGET ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT
ISSUE OF TARGET COMICS.

The CADET



KIT CARTER AND WINN GERRISH ARE STRUCK BY THE FULL IMPACT OF A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION -- THE DEVASTATING RESULT OF A CHEMICAL EXPERIMENT IN THE DAUNTON MILITARY SCHOOL LABORATORY.



WINN!! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT ?? --- OH! --- I'VE GOT TO GET HELP!



ATTRACTED BY THE EXPLOSION, SEVERAL CADETS RUSH TO KIT'S ASSISTANCE.

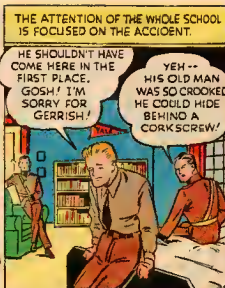
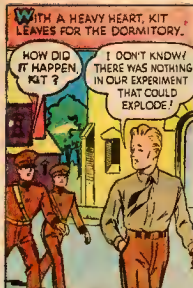
QUICK! --- TO THE INFIRMARY!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT, WON'T HE, DOCTOR?

I'M AFRAID HE'S HURT PRETTY BADLY, MY BOY!







THE SERUM --
GIVE IT
TO ME!

WHAT
THE--!



MASKED, EH?--
GIVE ME
THAT
CLUB!

I'LL
GIVE IT
TO YOU,
ALL RIGHT!

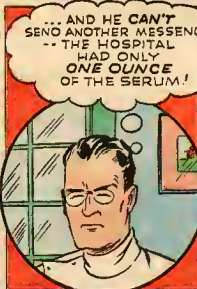


BAM!



IF HE DOESN'T
COME SOON, IT'LL
BE TOO LATE!

I DON'T
KNOW WHERE
HE CAN
BE!



... AND HE CAN'T
SEND ANOTHER MESSENGER!
-- THE HOSPITAL
HAD ONLY
ONE OUNCE
OF THE SERUM!

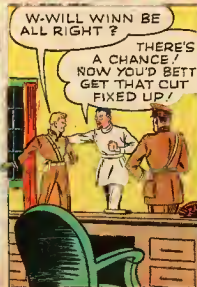


CARTER, THE
SERUM, QUICK!

WHAT'S
WRONG, LAD--
YOU HURT?



SOMEONE TRIED TO
GET IT, BUT IT DIDN'T
OCCUR TO HIM TO LOOK
IN THE **BULLET
BELT!**



W-WILL WINN BE
ALL RIGHT?

THERE'S
A CHANCE!
NOW YOU'D BETTER
GET THAT CUT
FIXED UP!



A LITTLE LATER - KIT
IS REENACTING HIS
ASSAULT.

YOU DIDN'T
RECOGNIZE
HIM AT
ALL?

NO-- BUT
I REMEMBER
HE HELD THE
CLUB IN HIS
LEFT HAND

LET'S SEE ---
JONES AND PHILLIPS
AND BONFANTI ARE
LEFT-HANDED.

BUT --
THOSE FELLOWS
MUST HAVE BEEN
IN THE STUDY HALL
ALL THE TIME.

HEY! HOW ABOUT
MARTIN? HE'S
A SOUTH PAW!

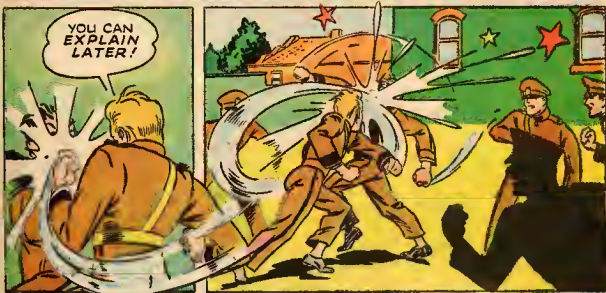
BY GOSH --
YOU'RE
RIGHT!

ONCE AGAIN -- KIT
CONFRONTS KEN MARTIN.

I WANT
TO TALK
TO YOU!

WAIT!
GIVE ME A
CHANCE
TO
EXPLAIN!

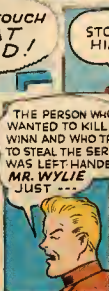
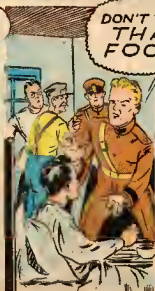
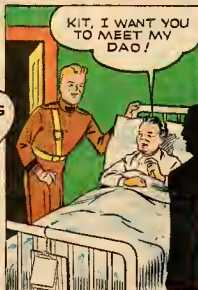
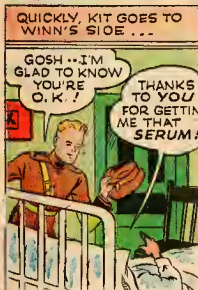
YOU CAN
EXPLAIN
LATER!



AND YOU ARE
THE SCHOOL
BOXING
CHAMPION!

IF YOU WANT
TO TRY THAT AGAIN
IN A DAY OR TWO, YOU
KNOW WHERE YOU CAN
FIND ME!



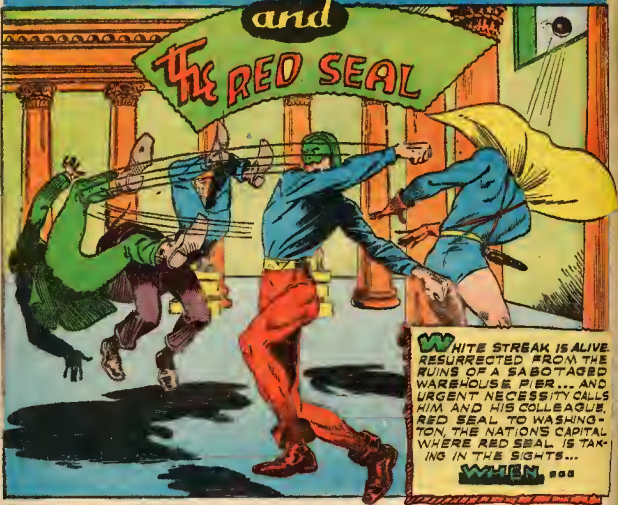




the WHITE STREAK

and

THE RED SEAL



WHITE STREAK IS ALIVE. RESURRECTED FROM THE RUINS OF A SABOTAGED WAREHOUSE PIER... AND URGENT NECESSITY CALLS HIM. AND HIS COLLEAGUE, RED SEAL TO WASHINGTON, THE NATION'S CAPITAL WHERE RED SEAL IS TAKING IN THE SIGHTS...

WHEN 208



THE GREATEST MAN IN OUR HISTORY. SAY HERE COMES WHITE STREAK

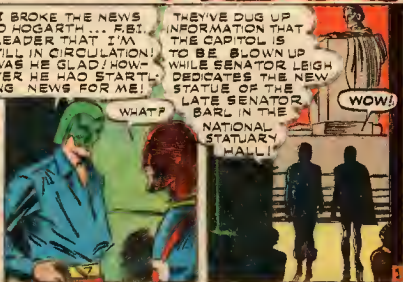
A. MARBLE R.

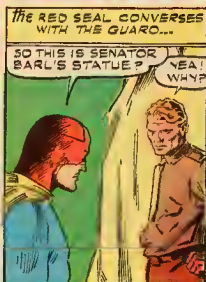
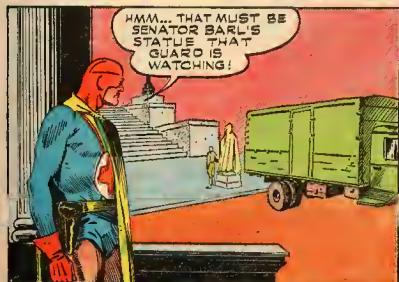
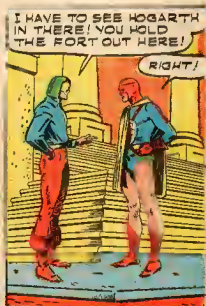
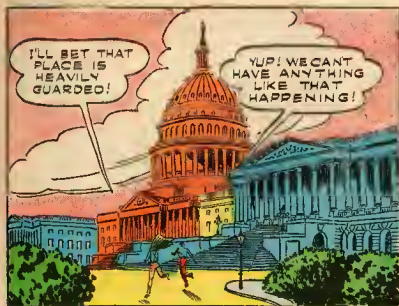
I BROKE THE NEWS TO HOGARTH... F.B.I. LEADER THAT I'M STILL IN CIRCULATION! WAS HE GLAD! HOWEVER HE HAD STARTING NEWS FOR ME!

THEY'VE DUG UP INFORMATION THAT THE CAPITOL IS TO BE BLOWN UP WHILE SENATOR LEIGH DEDICATES THE NEW STATUE OF THE LATE SENATOR BARL IN THE NATIONAL STATUARY HALL!

WHAT?

WOW!





YOU'RE A PHONEY!
THE REAL...

THIS'LL SHUT
YOUR MOUTH!

A WASHINGTON POLICEMAN
COMES FORWARD...

SAY... WHAT'S THIS
ALL ABOUT?

WE'RE GUARDING THIS
STATUE, WHEN THAT
NUT TRIES
TO TURN
IT OVER!

OH!

A CRACKPOT, EH?
PUT HIM IN THE REAR
OF THE TRUCK! I'LL
TAKE HIM IN, AFTER
THE DEDIC-
ATION!

YOU STAND GUARD
OVER HIM! I'LL
SEE THE BOSS,
INSIDE THE
CAPITOL!

OKAY!

THE POLICEMAN'S
ORDERS ARE
CARRIED OUT...

LATER, INSIDE THE CAPITOL'S
NATIONAL STATUARY HALL...
WHERE STREAK AND HOGARTH,
ARE TALKING...

HE WAS ONE OF THE
GREATEST
SENATORS WE
EVER HAD!

WELL, LOOKS
LIKE EVERYTHING
IS SET!

YES! GUARDS
PLACED! THE
BUILDING IS
SEARCHED AND HERE
COMES THE STATUE
NOW!

THAT'S
RIGHT!

THE DEDICATION CEREMONY
STARTS OFF WITH SENATOR
LEIGH MAKING A SPEECH...



MY FRIENDS,
TODAY WE
ARE GATHERED...

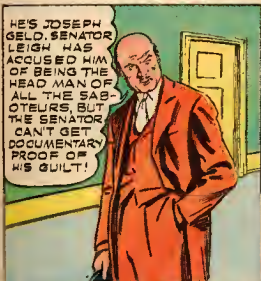
WHILE THE SPEECH IS
IN PROGRESS...



LOOK HOGARTH!
WHO IS THAT
GUY? HE
SEEMS TO
BE VERY
NERVOUS!

THAT'S ODD... WHAT
WOULD HE BE
DOING HERE?

AS THE SPEECH CLOSES...



HE'S JOSEPH
GELD. SENATOR
LEIGH HAS
ACCUSED HIM
OF BEING THE
HEAD MAN OF
ALL THE SAB-
OTEURS, BUT
THE SENATOR
CAN'T GET
DOCUMENTARY
PROOF OF
HIS GUILT!



HMM... LEAVING, EH?
I DON'T LIKE
THAT...

GOT TO GET OUT...
AND QUICK!



SEEMS TO BE
IN QUITE A
HURRY,
TOO!

NOT SO FAST...
MR. GELD!

WHA...? HEY,
LET GO!



MEANTIME... IN THE REAR
OF A TRUCK OUTSIDE...

OW! WHERE AM I? SAY!
I'VE GOT TO GET
OUT OF HERE
BEFORE...

HMM... SO THEY'VE PUT
A GUARD OVER ME!
A PHONEY GUARD!

THIS PIECE OF ROPE THEY
USED TO KEEP THE
STATUE FROM ROCK-
ING SHOULD DO!

RED SEAL TURNS COWBOY...

ULP!

COME TO
PAPA!

INTO STATUARY HALL

RED SEAL DOES A NEAT
JOB OF TYING...

...AND THEN, UP THE CAPITOL
STEPS HE BOUNDS...

C'MON LEGS!
GIVE!

HOGARTH
RUSHES
UP TO
RED SEAL!

DON'T PULL OFF
THAT CURTAIN!

HERE!

WHAT'S
THIS?

THERE'S A STRING
ATTACHED TO THE
CURTAIN THAT WILL
SET OFF EXPLOSIVES
INSIDE THE STATUE
IF THE CURTAIN'S
PULLED ASIDE!

Suddenly... HALF THE GUARDS
TURN OUT TO BE PLANTED
IN THERE, AS THEY PRODUCE
GUNS, AND COVER THE
ASSEMBLAGE...

HANDS HIGH,
EVERYONE!

WHAT TH-!

NICE WORK,
MEN!

OKAY...
LET HIM
GO!

EEEE!

CAN'T RELEASE ELECTRONS...
MIGHT HURT SOME
PEOPLE HERE.

BE SEEING YOU
SUCKERS!

INSTRUCTING HOGARTH

WELL CHIEF/NOW WE KNOW WHY GELD WAS HERE! IF HE GOT RID OF SENATOR LEIGH... THERE WOULDN'T BE ANY ONE TO ACCUSE HIM OF BEING THE LEADER OF A SABOTEURS RING

INSTRUCTING HOGARTH TO HAVE HIS MEN FOLLOW HIS ELECTRONIC TRAIL. WHITE STREAK AND RED SEAL RACE DOWN THE CAPITOL STEPS TO SEE...

...AND THIS ELECTRON ESCALATOR IS IT!

THEY'RE IN THAT TRUCK, THERE!

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING LEFT TO DO...

LOOK STILL

THROUGH THE CITY, TO THE WASHINGTON AIRPORT SPEEDS THE TRUCK, THEN STOPS WITH WHITE STREAK AND RED SEAL, STILL ON THE TRAIL ABOVE THEM.

THERE'S ONLY ONE
THING LEFT
TO DO...

**HURRY
MEN!**

HURRY
MEN!

THEY'RE HEADING FOR
THAT PLANE!

YES...AND GELD
HAS A SUITCASE!



WHITE STREAK RELEASES A FLOW
OF ELECTRONIC POSTS WHICH BURY
THEMSELVES AROUND THE MEN...

HEY! WHAT IS
THIS?



...TO FORM A BARRICADE!

WE CAN'T
GET
OUT!

WE'RE
TRAPPED!



FOLLOWING WHITE STREAK'S ELECTRONIC
TRAIL... HOGARTH AND MEN COME ALONG.

HERES YOUR
PRISONERS,
HOGARTH!

WELL I'LL
BE!!



STREAK RELEASES THE SABOTEURS FROM THE
ELECTRONS, INTO THE ARMS OF THE POLICE!

HERE'S A WHOLE "TRUNK"
LOAD OF INCRIMIN-
ATING EVIDENCE
AGAINST GELD!

WOW! RECORDS OF
EVERY SABOTAGE
JOB! NICE WORK STREAK
AND SEAL! LOOKS LIKE
SENATOR LEIGH HAS
GELD ON THE
SPOT NOW!



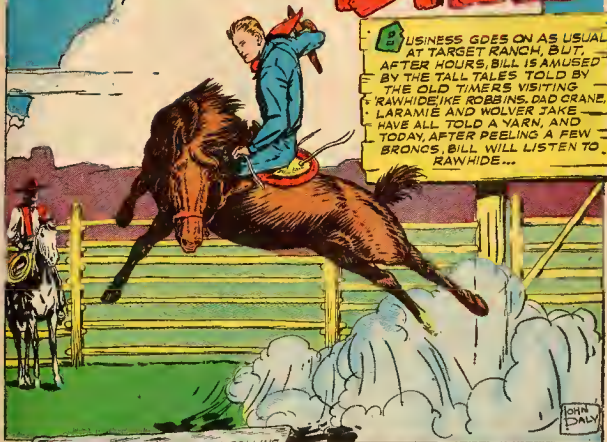
WE'LL BE SEEING
YOU, HOGARTH!

DROP INTO WASH-
INGTON AGAIN!
BUT NEXT TIME
COME FOR A
SIGHT SEEING
TOUR!



ORIGINAL "ELECTRIC MAN,"
WHITE STREAK AND
HIS NEW FRIEND, RED SEAL
WILL AGAIN
APPEAR IN TARGET

BULL'S-EYE BILL



BUSINESS GOES ON AS USUAL AT TARGET RANCH, BUT, AFTER HOURS, BILL IS AMUSED BY THE TALL TALES TOLD BY THE OLD TIMERS VISITING RAWHIDE, IKE ROBBINS, DAD CRANE, LARAMIE AND WOLVER JAKE HAVE ALL TOLD A YARN, AND TODAY, AFTER PEELING A FEW BRONCS, BILL WILL LISTEN TO RAWHIDE...

JOHN DALY

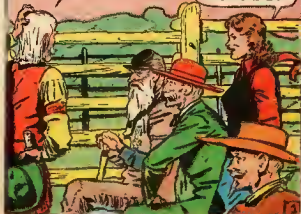
RAWHIDE STARTS THE BALL A-ROLLING

FOLKS... THERE AIN'T NO CALL TO INTRODUCE THIS OLE BILLY GOAT! HE'S BEEN IN THE WEST SINCE KIT CARSON WAS A YEARLIN!

WAL...

LISTENIN' TO YOU FELLAS HAS KINDA WOUND ME UP, SO...

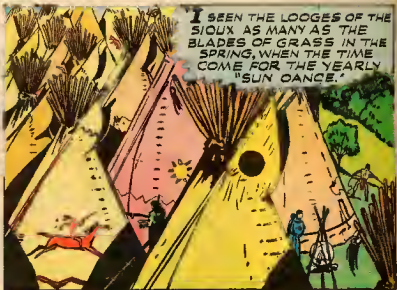
GO TO IT, RAWHIDE! AND IT BETTER BE GOOD!



WAL, I AIN'T NUTHER
BEEN HERE AS LONG AS
BILLY SEZ, I WAS JUST
A KID O' COURSE, WHEN
I COME HERE, BUT I
SHORE KNOWED OUR
RED BROTHERS' THE
INJUNS, WHEN THEY
HAD POWER!



I SEEN THE LOOGES OF THE
SIOUX AS MANY AS THE
BLADES OF GRASS IN THE
SPRING, WHEN THE TIME
COME FOR THE YEARLY
"SUN OANCE."



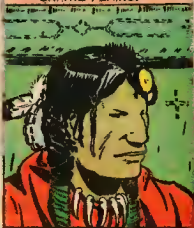
A N' I KNOWED SITTING
BULL, TOO... AND HE
KNOWED ME...



A N' CRAZY HORSE, THE
OGALLALA WARRIOR.



A N' GALL, THE BRAVE
LEADER OF THE NORTHERN
CHEYENNE, BRAVEST TRIBE
ON THE PLAINS.



A N' I SEEN THE 7th REGIMENT CAMPED ON THE
YELLOWSTONE BEFORE THE CUSTER FIGHT...



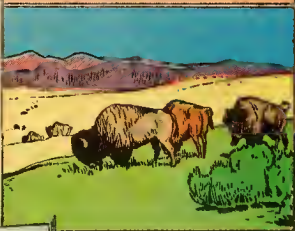
...WITH THE 'YELLOW-HAIR'
HIMSELF (GENERAL GEORGE
ARMSTRONG CUSTER) IN
COMMAND.



AROUND THAT TIME, I LIVED IN THE LODGE OF 'CAYOTE RUNS,' THE CROW WHO WAS CHIEF FOR TWO YEARS.



THE FINEST BUFFALO RANGE IN THE COUNTRY WAS THE HOME OF THE CROWS AN' THEY NEVER FOUGHT A WAR AGIN' THE WHITE MAN.



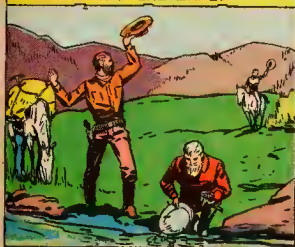
AN INJUN WITH ONLY A GOOD BUFFALO HOSS COULD LIVE IN COMFORT! HE NEEDED ONLY ABOUT 18 HIDES TO MAKE A GOOD TEPEEL.



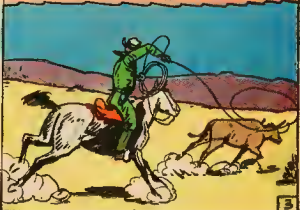
THE FAT, BACK MEAT OFF A YOUNG COW IS THE FINEST MEAT IN THE WORLD, BUT THE EAST WANTED HIDES, SO THE WHITE MAN KILLED OFF THE INJUN'S MEAL TICKET.



THEN THE GOLD MINER MOVED INTO THE BLACK HILLS, CHASIN' OUT THE SIOUX AN' CHEYENNE.



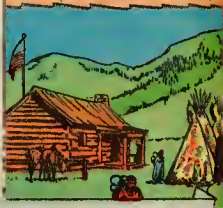
I GOT ME A JOB AT THE D.H.S., GREN-VILLE STUARTS' BIG SPREAD IN THE JUDITH RIVER BASIN. I SEEN THE RED-MAN WAS DOOMED AN' MY HEART WAS ON THE GROUND, BUT I HAD TO EAT...



AFTER THE LITTLE BIG HORN FIGHT IN JUNE '76 THE SOLDIERS FINALLY ROUNDED UP THE CHEYENNE AND CHASED SITTIN' BULL'S SIOUX INTO CANADA."



WE THOUGHT THERE WOULD BE PEACE NOW, WITH THE CHEYENNE IN OKLAHOMA ON THE RESERVATION AND THE GOV'MENT HANDING OUT RATIONS TO THE TRIBES UP NORTH."



"THE IDEE CAME TO AN OLE MEDICINE-MAN MANY YEARS AGO IN A DREAM. THE TAIL SIGNIFIES A BUFFALO'S BACK-BONE, AND GIVES POWER TO THE CROW WARRIORS."

"I WANTED TO TELL YOU WHAT I LEARNED ABOUT HEAD-DRESS ES WHILE 'LIVIN' WITH THE CROWS. ONLY THE CROWS WORE A WAR-BONNET WITH A TAIL."



"IN MY DREAM I SAW THIS, MY BROTHERS!"



"IT TAKES PLENTY OF FEATHERS AN' THIS IS HOW THEY GOT 'EM! FIRST, THEY DUG A NARROW HOLE 'BOUT FIVE FOOT DEEP!"



"THEN THEY KILLED A WOLF FOR BAIT."



"NEXT, THEY COVERED THE HOLES WITH POLES AN' BRUSH, LEAVING A PLACE TO GET IN."



THE BAIT WAS PLACED ON TOP, AN' THEN AN INJUN GOT INTO THE HOLE."



WHEN AN EAGLE WAS ATTRACTED BY THE BAIT AN POUNCED..."



THE INJUN JUST GRABBED THE EAGLE'S FEET, AN' PULLED HIM INSIDE THE HOLE AN' KILLED HIM!"



BUT GETTIN' BACK TO MY STORY... I'M HEADIN' FOR THE BIG HORN ONE DAY LOOKIN' FOR STRAYS IN THE FALL OF '76'



WE'D HEARD HOW 'DULL-KNIFE' AN' LITTLE WOLF' HAD BROKE OUT DOWN IN OKLAHOMA WITH 200 BRAVES AN' HEADED FOR HOME ON THE TONGUE RIVER. BUT I DIDN'T DREAM THEY COULD GET UP THERE SO FAST UNTIL I SAW THEM..."



I HAD A GOOD HORSE, AN WE WERE BOTH SCARED SO I MADE A RUN FER IT."



**BUT THEM VARMINTS WANT-
ED MY HORSE, I GUESS, AN'
THEY KEPT COMING!**



**WE'RE GETTIN' INTO THE FOOTHILLS AN' I FIGGER
ON FINDING CORNER AMONG THE TIMBER.**



**THE RED SKINS WASN'T 50
YARDS BEHIND ME, AS I
RODE INTO A DRAW...**



**DRAIT IT! I WAS IN A "BOX
CANYON!" WITH STEEP SIDES
A HUNDERD FEET UP!**



**THE TRADE BALLS WHIS-
TLED AROUND MY HEAD.
I'M TRAPPED AN' MY HOSS
GOES DOWN AS THE INJUNS
CLOSE IN.**



**OH! IKE... THEN WHAT
HAPPENED?**



**THEY KILLED ME BY
JUNIPER!**



**I'M CLAIMING THE LEATH-
ER MEDAL FOLKS!**



**AND RAWHIDE IKE
DESERVES IT!**

**HE'LL BE BACK
AGAIN WITH
BULLS EYE BILL
IN NEXT MONTH'S**

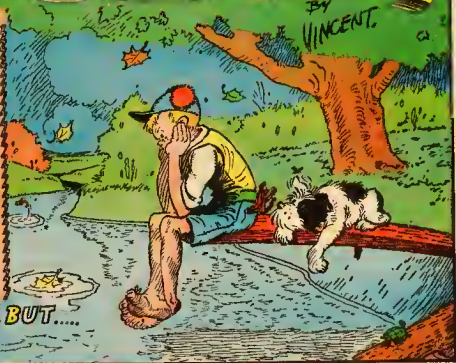


SPECK SPOT and SIS..

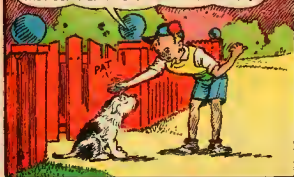
BY VINCENT.

Everything is Swell IN SPECK'S LIFE NOW, -BECAUSE PA IS BACK IN BUSINESS WITH HIS OLD ARMY BUDDY, PUBLISHING A "FUNNY" MAGAZINE! SPECK IS AN EQUAL PARTNER IN THE BUSINESS, LITTLE SIS IS GETTING AN ALLOWANCE, BIG SIS IS HAPPY AND DOESN'T NAG AT HIM SO MUCH ANY MORE! MA IS VERY VERY HAPPY..... AND SPOT SEEMS TO HAVE TAKEN A NEW SLANT ON LIFE..... YEP!

Everything is Swell..... BUT.....



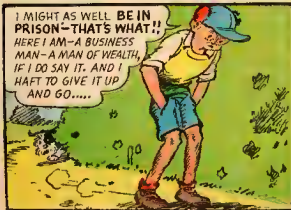
SPOT, YOU'VE GOTTA STAY HOME!
THEY DON'T LIKE DOGS WHERE I'M GOING!



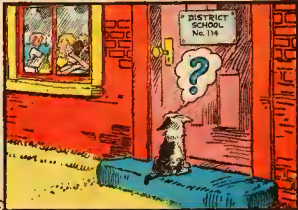
I DON'T GET IT,
DO YOU?

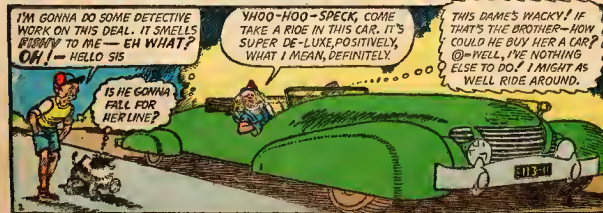
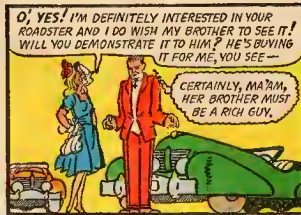
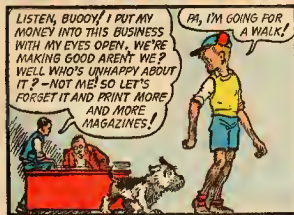
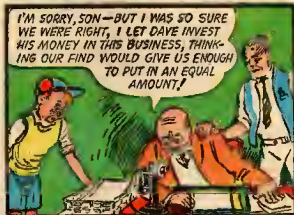
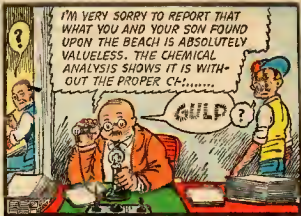
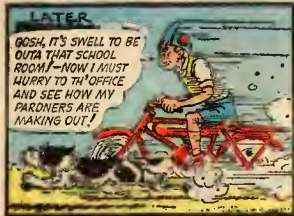


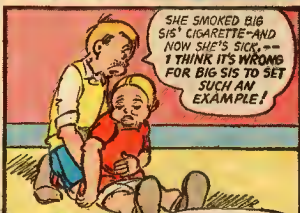
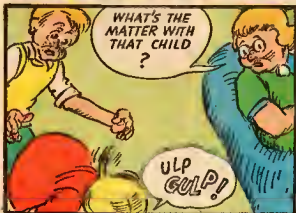
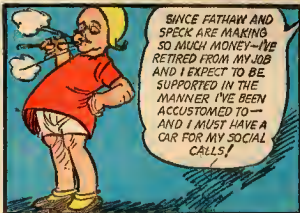
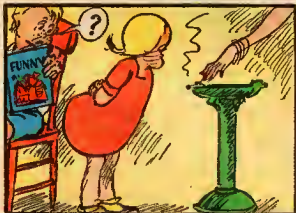
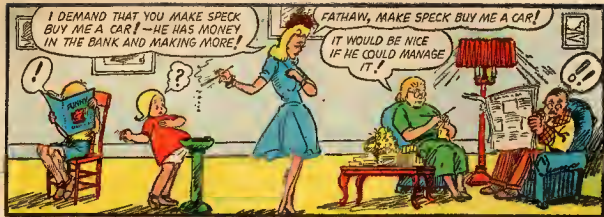
I MIGHT AS WELL BE IN PRISON-THAT'S WHAT!!
HERE I AM-A BUSINESS MAN-A MAN OF WEALTH,
IF I DO SAY IT. AND I HAF TO GIVE IT UP
AND GO.....



DISTRICT SCHOOL
No. 14







NIGHT RAID

A CADET ADVENTURE



Kit Carter, the Cadet, quickly threw the inkwell before the gambler could reach for his gun!

By Jes

"YOU fellows sure were framed!" exclaimed Kit Carter as he strode along the road to the village with Frank King and Bob Watson, brother cadets at Daunton Military Academy. "Why didn't you tell the Commandant about the accident right away?"

"It happened so quickly, Kit, and we were so scared", replied Frank. "Bob and I were taking the Commandant's daughter to her class dance. That was about a month ago. Marjorie was driving her father's car. Just before we pulled up at the hotel, where the dance was held, a supposedly blind man suddenly stepped off the curb and walked right into the car. Before Marjorie knew what happened, the man was apparently hit and thrown unconscious."

"Bob quickly interrupted. "Right after it happened, a man came up to us and said he was the blind man's brother. He wanted to settle the whole affair for \$300, and tried to rush us into accepting his offer before a crowd gathered."

Frank took up the story. "We said we didn't have that much money, so he offered to take I. O. U.'s for the amount and to keep the whole thing quiet. Knowing the Academy rules about I. O. U.'s we wanted to refuse, but Marjorie pleaded with us to sign the notes. I guess we all were so scared, we didn't realize what we were doing."

Kit mused for a moment and then said: "When did you find out that the whole thing was a frame-up, engineered by Tom Boyden?"

"This morning", answered Bob. "One of Boyden's gang caught us as we came off parade grounds. He muttered that Boyden had the notes, and that if we didn't pay the \$300, plus thirty-three per cent interest, Boyden would blackmail us."

"I think", advised Kit, "we ought to go to the Commandant and put the whole matter before him. I don't like the idea of working out of line, this way. It might mean expulsion for you two, and suspension for me!"

"Please, Kit," pleaded Frank, "Let's try my plan first. If it doesn't work, then we'll go to the Commandant."

"Okay," said Kit, giving in, "but I think we're making a great mistake."

According to the plan, Frank and Bob were to engage Boyden's bodyguard in conversation in the gambling room on the second floor of the Green Hill Tavern which was Boyden's headquarters. Meanwhile, Kit was to see Boyden alone, in the latter's office. At the first opportunity, through some ruse, Kit was to get Boyden to open the safe where the I. O. U.'s were kept. That's as far as the boys had worked out the plan.

As the three cadets walked into the Tavern, Frank said optimistically, "You'll think of something after that, Kit, I know. You always do," added Bob.

UPSTAIRS, in a luxuriously furnished room, Kit was introduced to Tom Boyden, one of the most notorious gangsters in the country. After a few moments, while Frank and Bob were engaging Boyden and his bodyguards in conversation, Kit got an idea. He raced out of

the room. in search of a telephone.

After being closeted in the booth for some minutes, Kit returned to the gambling room.

He took Frank aside and said: "You fellows beat it! Get back to Dauntton immediately! And stay there! Leave everything to me."

Kit watched the two boys leave the room, then he strolled over nonchalantly to Tom Boyden.

"May I have a word with you, sir?" asked Kit, meekly, trying to give Boyden the impression of an inoffensive youngster.

Boyden said affably, "What about?"

"I can explain better, in private," said Kit. "Do you have an office, or some place where we can be alone?"

Dubiously, the big fellow led Kit into his office. "Now," he said, "what's it all about?"

Kit glanced at a clock on Boyden's desk and thought, "If I can stall for just ten minutes, Frank and Bob will be saved!"

"Nice place you've got here," began Kit.

"Never mind that," said Boyden impatiently. "What are you after?"

"There's no need to take that tone, Mr. Boyden. After all," replied Kit, "I just want to give you some money."

"Money?" queried Boyden, completely taken by surprise. "What for?"

"I want to settle the debts my two friends owe you. What is the amount?"

Boyden leaned back in his chair and started to laugh, "Are you kidding me? Where would a kid like you get four hundred dollars?"

"That's beside the point, Mr. Boyden. I want to settle this debt for my friends."

Boyden, not knowing what to make of this unexpected turn of events, hesitated. Then he got up from his desk. Kit tried to keep back the panic he felt rising within him.

"There are some papers, I believe that Mr. King and Mr. Watson signed. I don't know anything about such things, Mr. Boyden. May I see the papers, sir?"

Laughing good humoredly, Boyden went to a wall, opened a sliding panel which disclosed a safe, and turned the dial. Kit could barely control himself for the moment. At last! The safe was open!

Just then, there was a terrific noise heard from below. Kit and Boyden heard men shouting: "Raid! Raid!"

Boyden reaching for his gun, wheeled around to Kit and yelled, "So! It's a frame-up!"

But Kit was prepared for him. Before the enraged man could get his gun, Kit flung a heavy ink-well at his shoulder. Boyden went down, Kit on top of him. Taken off guard completely, the big man was at the mercy of the young cadet. Kit banged the ink-well against the gambler's head and put him out, cold.

HURRIEDLY, Kit searched through the safe and found the two I. O. U. notes which King and Watson had signed, and which Boyden was using to blackmail them. Kit stuffed the notes in an inner pocket and made for the door. Just then, it opened and in walked Captain Walker of the police force, followed by two of his men.

"Well, Carter," said Walker, "this is a fine place to find a Dauntton cadet. I think you'll have to explain this little matter to your Commandant."

"I'll explain later, sir. First we ought to get a doctor for Mr. Boyden. He'll need a few stitches. I just bashed his head a bit, sir."

An hour later, Kit, Frank and Bob were standing in the Commandant's office, listening to their superior read the "riot act" to them. The Commandant was very angry, as Kit had anticipated.

"I don't care what the circumstances were, King. You and Watson should have come straight to me when that accident occurred. There would have been no frame-up, for Boyden would have been frightened off. As for my daughter, well, I shall see to it that she is properly punished for her part in this incident."

The boys said nothing. They stood at attention while the Commandant continued.

"Carter, I appreciate your loyalty to your brother cadets, but that was no reason for your calling Captain Walker and telling him to raid the gangsters immediately to rescue two cadets in danger, when the cadets shouldn't have been there in the first place. That you were, responsible for the capture of one of the men who is wanted by the FBI, and that you will share in the rewards, has nothing to do with the issue. Your conduct in assuming too much authority was entirely unbecoming that of a Dauntton cadet!"

"Reward?" said Kit, who had not learned of this news.

"Silence!" commanded the Academy director "You three cadets are to be confined to your quarters for two weeks, denied all privileges, and forbidden to communicate with any other cadets. To refresh your memories of the standards of honor at Dauntton, you are to memorize the entire code book. Maybe that will teach you, Carter, not to steal papers from a safe. Watson and King, I hope you will profit similarly from the reading."

"Yes, sir," the three cadets replied.

"Dismissed!" thundered their Commandant. "To your quarters!"

Kit and his two friends filed out of the office and marched to their quarters, while their superior turned to his aide and said: "I wonder what prank they'll be up to next?"

(THE END)

By
Robert
Louis
Stevenson

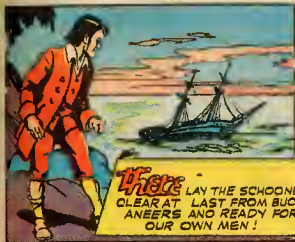
Treasure Island

Synopsis

JIM HAWKINS IS CABIN BOY ON THE SHIP HISPANIOLA ON A TREASURE HUNT. HE LEFT HIS FRIENDS, THE SHIP'S OWNER, CAPTAIN, DOCTOR AND TWO OTHERS, HOLDING A BLOCK-HOUSE ON TREASURE ISLAND AGAINST THE MUTINIED CREW. IN A SMALL BOAT HE REACHED THE SHIP ONE WATCHMAN WAS DEAD, THE OTHER BADLY WOUNDED. HE, TOO, LATER DIES. NOW JIM IS ALONE ON THE BEACHED SHIP! HE CONTINUES HIS STORY...

HOLDING THE CUT HAWSER IN BOTH HANDS... I LET MYSELF DROP SAFELY OVERBOARD.

I WADED ASHORE IN GREAT SPIRITS.



There LAY THE SCHOONER,
CLEAR AT LAST FROM BUCC-
ANEERS AND READY FOR
OUR OWN MEN!



I BEGAN TO SET MY FACE HOMEWARD
FOR THE BLOCKHOUSE AND MY COMPANIONS.



NOT LONG AFTER, I WADED
ACROSS THE WATER COURSE.



I BECAME AWARE OF A
WAVERING GLOW AGAINST
THE SKY...



I KEPT TRIPPING AMONG
BUSHES AND ROLLING
INTO SANDY PITS.



I DREW NEAR TO THE STOCKADE. THE BLOCKHOUSE
LAY IN A BLACK SHADOW. BEHIND IT
WAS THE RED GLOW OF A FIRE!

I STOPPED WITH MUCH
WONDER AND TERROR
IN MY HEART!

I GOT UPON MY
HANDS AND KNEES
AND CRAWLED, WITH-
OUT A SOUND, TOWARD
THE CORNER OF THE
HOUSE...

WHEN I GOT TO THE DOORS AND
STOOD UP, I HEARD THE STEADY
DRONE OF SNORERS! ALL OF A
SUDDEN, A SHRILL VOICE BROKE OUT:

PIECES OF EIGHT!
PIECES OF EIGHT!
PIECES OF
EIGHT!

THEN I HEARD THE MIGHTY VOICE OF
LONG JOHN SILVER CRY, "WHO GOES?"

I TURNED TO RUN AND RAN
STRAIGHT INTO SOMEONE'S ARMS!



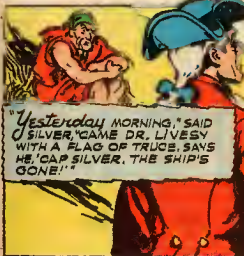
THE GLARE OF THE TORCH, SHOWED MY WORST FEARS REALIZED! "SO," SAID SILVER, "HERE'S JIM HAWKINS! SHIVER MY TIMBERS!"



NOW, SO BE AS YOU ARE HERE, JIM. I'LL GIVE YOU A PIECE OF MY MIND!

I HAVE A RIGHT TO KNOW WHAT'S WHAT AND WHY YOU'RE HERE AND WHERE MY FRIENDS ARE!

HE SAT ACROSS THE BRANDY CASK AND BEGAN TO FILL HIS PIPE.



"YESTERDAY MORNING," SAID SILVER, "CAME DR. LIVESY WITH A FLAG OF TRUCE, SAYS HE, 'CAP SILVER, THE SHIP'S GONE!'"



"I QUESTIONED THE DOCTOR..."

AND WHERE'S YOUR
BOY, JIM?

I DON'T KNOW
WHERE, CONFOUND
HIM! WERE ABOUT
SICK OF HIM!



SO THEY TURNED THE
HOUSE OVER TO US.
NOW CHOOSE...
ARE YOU GOING
TO BE WITH
US OR NOT?



I WAS THE ONE WHO
TOLD THE CAPTAIN
OF YOUR PLANS!
KILL ME IF YOU
PLEASE... OR
SPARE ME!



AND NOW, MR. SILVER,
LET THE DOCTOR
KNOW THE WAY
I TOOK IT!



"HERE GOES," CRIED ONE
OF THE PIRATES AND CAME
AT ME WITH A KNIFE. "AVAST
THERE," SAID SILVER.



ONE OF THE MEN STEPPED
FORWARD. "I AX YOUR PARD-
ON SIR, BUT WE WILL STEP
OUTSIDE FOR COUNSEL."



"DID ANY OF YOU GENTLEMEN WANT TO HAVE IT OUT
WITH ME? HIM THAT WANTS SHALL GET IT!" ROARED SILVER



LOOK HERE, JIM. THEY'RE GOING TO THROW ME OFF... BUT, I'LL STAND BY YOU THROUGH THICK AND THIN!



I'LL SAVE YOUR LIFE FROM THEM, BUT TIT FOR TAT, YOU SAVE LONG JOHN FROM SWINGING!



TURNED TO THE LOOPHOLE NEAREST ME AND LOOKED OUT.



THE PIRATES WERE STOOPING OVER A BOOK WITH A KNIFE. IN A MINUTE, THEY STARTED BACK.



THE SEA COOK LOOKED AT WHAT HAD BEEN GIVEN HIM. "THE BLACK SPOT! I THOUGHT 'YOU'VE GONE AND CUT THIS OUT OF A BIBLE! NO GOOD WILL COME OF THAT!"



ONE OF THE MEN STEPPED FORWARD. "STEP UP, LAD! CRIED SILVER "I WON'T EAT YOU... HAND IT OVER, LUBBER!"

ANOTHER THRILLING EPISODE OF "Treasure Island" WILL APPEAR IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF TARGET COMICS

LUCKY BYRD of G2

Flier

in
"DEATH
at our
DOORS."

by
HARRY FRANCIS CAMPBELL

LIEUTENANT LUCKY BYRD, GRADUATE OF OUR ARMY'S FLYING COURSE AT RANDOLPH FIELD, TEXAS HAS BECOME THE FLYING ACE OF G-2, THE INTELLIGENCE BRANCH OF THE ARMY.

HIS EFFORTS HAVE BEEN LARGELY RESPONSIBLE FOR THE FAILURE OF THE PLOTS OF OUR COUNTRY'S ENEMIES AGAINST OUR NATIONAL DEFENSE. EVEN THE PRESIDENT OWES HIS LIFE TO THE COURAGE AND QUICK THINKING OF LUCKY BYRD!



NEAR BOSTON, A MYSTERIOUS PLANE CRASHES.

SAY, THERE ARE MACHINE GUNS ON THIS SHIP!

AND THOSE 2 GUYS ARE FOREIGNERS

WE'D BETTER NOTIFY THE FBI!

F.B.I. NOTHING THIS LOOKS LIKE A JOB FOR G-2 OF THE ARMY!

A PLANE, PROBABLY AN OLD FORTNER, CRASHED UP HERE, IT WAS ARMED WITH MACHINE GUNS, AND THE TWO FOREIGN PILOTS WERE INJURED, WE THOUGHT YOU SHOULD KNOW!

WE'LL SEND A MAN UP THERE!

OFFICE OF COL. CLIVE - G-2.

HALF AN HOUR LATER...

BYRD, FLY UP TO BOSTON,
AND CHECK UP ON THIS
CASE. HERE ARE ALL
THE DETAILS.

YES, SIR, I'LL
LEAVE AT
ONCE, COL.
CLIVE!

THERE'S THE
WRECK!

AN HOUR
LATER.

I'M LIEUT. BYRD, G2!
SHOW ME THAT WRECKED
FORMER. THEN I'LL SEE
THOSE PILOTS!

15 MINUTES LATER, AFTER
EXAMINING THE WRECK.

THAT PLANE'S AN OLD
MILITARY FOMIER, ALL
RIGHT! NOW, LET ME TALK
TO THOSE PILOTS.

ONE OF THEM
IS STILL OUT
DELIRIOUS!

COME ON, FRITZ! WHAT
ARE YOU DOING HERE?

I HAVE NOTHING
TO SAY,
AMERICAN!

GOT TO
GET THERE

AT THE JAIL HOSPITAL...

BUT, THE OTHER PILOT,
RAVING IN HIS DELIRIUM.

GOT TO GET TO ST. PIERRE.
ATTACK ON NEW YORK...
... GOT TO...

SILENCE, YOU BABBLING FOOL!

LAY OFF, FRITZ!
IT'S INTERESTING!

I'LL KILL THE **BLATTING** FOOL! THAT HE SHOULD DESTROY US. THAT -

WHY ADD MURDER TO YOUR TROUBLE?



THE LIBRARY - 30 MINUTES LATER.

ST. PIERRE, 10 SQUARE MILES OF ROCKY ISLAND, OFF THE COAST OF NEW FOUNDLAND.



I THINK I SEE THE PLOT. NOW, HOW CAN I SPIKE THEIR GUNS? I HAVE IT!



AN HOUR LATER, AT THE HOSPITAL WHERE THE INJURED PILOT IS HELD.

HERE ARE THE PAPERS AND CLOTHES THAT PILOT HAD ON HIM, LIEUT. BYRD!



BYRD DRESSES IN THE CAPTURED PILOT'S UNIFORM.

THIS IS RISKY, BUT I'LL HAVE TO TAKE THE CHANCE!

YOUR PLANE IS READY, SIR. AND THE ARMY DOCTOR IS HERE!

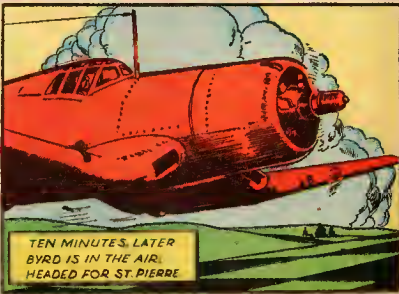


JUST WHY DO YOU WANT TO HAVE YOUR FACE BANDAGED LIEUTENANT BYRD?

TO FEIGN A JAW INJURY TO ACCOUNT FOR MY HALTING SPEECH, DOC!



COL. CLIVE, BYRD SPEAKING. HAVE **NEWSPAPER AND RADIO** STORIES GIVEN OUT THAT THIS INVADING PILOT HAS **ESCAPED** IN A STOLEN PLANE, HEADING **NORTH**, PROBABLY TO ST. PIERRE! I'M IMPERSONATING FRITZ SHULTZ, AND FLYING TO ST. PIERRE!



TEN MINUTES LATER BYRD IS IN THE AIR, HEADED FOR ST. PIERRE

FOUR HOURS LATER, OVER
ST. PIERRE.

I'LL FAKE A CRASH ON
THAT AIR FIELD!



SCHULTZ, WE HEARD ON
THE AMERICAN RADIO YOU
HAD ESCAPED!

HE'S INJURED!

JA! BROKEN JAW!
CAN'T TALK MUCH!



IN THE CRASH I WAS HURT.
I CAN'T WALK! CARRY ME,
PLEASE!

IF THEY THINK
I'M PARALYZED
THEY WON'T
WATCH ME!



SCHULTZ SOUNDS FUNNY!
HIS ACCENT—

SO WOULD YOURS
WITH A BROKEN
JAW!—



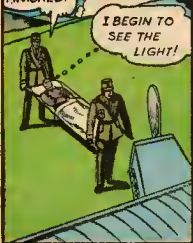
BESIDES, WHAT CAN A
PARALYZED MAN DO?

THEY'RE FALLING
FOR IT!

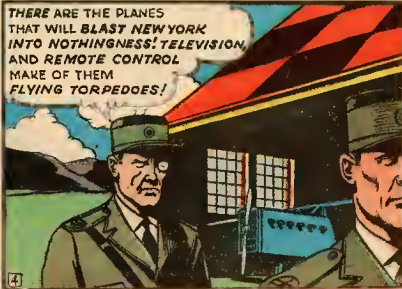


THE RADIO TESTS ON THE
REMOTE CONTROL ARE
FINISHED!

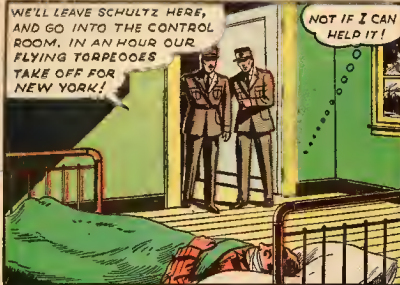
I BEGIN TO
SEE THE
LIGHT!



THERE ARE THE PLANES
THAT WILL BLAST NEW YORK
INTO NOTHINGNESS! TELEVISION,
AND REMOTE CONTROL
MAKE OF THEM
FLYING TORPEDOES!



WE'LL LEAVE SCHULTZ HERE,
AND GO INTO THE CONTROL
ROOM. IN AN HOUR OUR
FLYING TORPEEES
TAKE OFF FOR
NEW YORK!



NOT IF I CAN
HELP IT!

THE SAME TRICK TRIED
AGAINST ENGLAND! OLD
SHIPS, CONTROLLED BY
RADIO, AND SACRIFICED
AS AERIAL TORPEEES!



IM ON MY WAY TO
QUEER THAT SCHEME



IN THIS LIGHT, THIS
DUMMY SHOULD FOOL
THEM!



THAT MUST BE THE
CONTROL ROOM. THOSE
BIG RADIO AERIALS MARK
IT! I'LL GO IN THE BACK
WAY



GREAT GUNS! MINIATURE
PLANE CONTROLS, AND
A PILOT FOR EACH!



LUCKY PEERS IN
THROUGH THE
WINDOWS.

AS LUCKY SLIPS INTO THE
BACK OF THE RADIO ROOM,
THE RADIO PLANES TAKE OFF.



THIS DOOR SHOULD LEAD
TO THE BACK OF THAT
RADIO CONTROL PANEL.

A FEW CHANGES IN THAT
WIRING WOULD SORT OF
ALTER THEIR PLANS!

IN FACT, I WOULDN'T BE
SURPRISED IF A FEW OF
THOSE RADIO SHIPS
TANGLED TAIL-SURFACES

AND NOW BACK TO-

-BED!

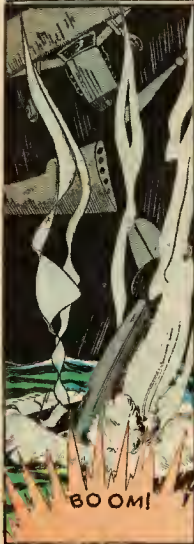
IN THE OBSERVATION SHIP,
FOLLOWING THE RADIO-
CONTROLLED PLANES...

HIMMEL! CARL, LOOK!

THEY DO
NOT WORK

TWISTING WILDLY, THE
RADIO-CONTROLLED
PLANES COLLIDE.

ALL OF THE PLANES GO
CRASHING INTO THE SEA.



ALL IS LOST! BACK TO
ST. PIERRE!



THOSE EXPLOSIONS! THAT
MEANS THOSE SHIPS HAVE
CRASHED, AND MY JOB
IS OVER. NOW, ALL I HAVE
TO DO IS STEAL A PLANE,
AND ESCAPE!



BACK IN THE UNITED
STATES, WHERE THE
REAL SCHULTZ IS
CONFINED!



IN A STOLEN PLANE, SCHULTZ
IS FLYING TOWARD ST.
PIERRE, AND LUCKY...



BACK IN ST. PIERRE, LUCKY
IS UNAWARE THAT DOOM
IS WINGING TOWARD
ST. PIERRE.

I'LL WAIT UNTIL TOMOR-
ROW TO ESCAPE!



WHAT
BECOMES OF
LUCKY BYRD
WHEN THE
REAL SCHULTZ
ARRIVES AT
ST. PIERRE?
ANOTHER
LUCKY BYRD
EPISODE
NEXT MONTH.

Spacehawk

by Basil Wolverton

HERR NITZWITLER, DICTATOR, IS ENRAGED BY THE ACTION CANADA HAS TAKEN AGAINST HIS BLOODY WAR MACHINE.....

I KEEP SENDING SUBMARINES AND BOMBERS AFTER THEIR TROOP TRANSPORTS, BUT THEY STILL MANAGE TO GET OVER HERE! I'LL STOP THEM, THOUGH! I'VE SAVED AN ACE IN THE HOLE FOR JUST SUCH A SITUATION, AND NOW I'M GOING TO PLAY IT! SEND FOR CAPTAIN KOHLER!

YES, SIR!

CAPTAIN KOHLER, THE TIME HAS COME TO USE OUR SECRET STRATOSPHERE SHIPS! YOU WILL TAKE HALF OF THEM ACROSS THE ATLANTIC AND BOMB THE POINTS MARKED ON THIS MAP!

PREPARE SIX OF THE SHIPS FOR IMMEDIATE FLIGHT!

KOHLER SPEEDS TO A HANGAR HIDDEN UNDERGROUND—



PRESENTLY SIX TUBULAR OBJECTS,
PROPELLED BY A POWERFUL GAS,
HISS UP OUT OF THE EARTH....

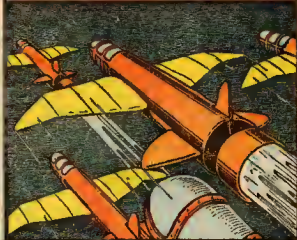


KOHLER INSIDE THE
FOREMOST ONE,
BARKS ORDERS TO
THE OTHER FIVE PILOTS.

THIS IS OUR
CEILING — EIGHTY
THOUSAND FEET —
PUT OUT YOUR
GUIDERS!



WINGS AND TRAIL ASSEMBLIES JUT OUT OF
THE CRAFT, WHICH IMMEDIATELY LEVEL OFF
AND ZIP WESTWARD AT HIGH SPEED....



THIS FLIGHT WILL PROVE THAT
WE ARE MASTERS EVEN OF THE
STRATOSPHERE! NO ONE CAN
SEE US! NO ONE CAN STOP US!
WHAT A SURPRISE THOSE
CONCEITED CANADIANS WILL GET
WHEN OUR NEW SUPER-BLAST
BOMBS STRIKE EARTH! YES —
THIS IS MY BIG DAY! I'LL BE
A NATIONAL HERO WHEN I
RETURN!



LITTLE DOES
KOHLER
REALIZE THAT
SHARP EYES
ARE ALREADY
UPON HIM...



THOSE STREAKS OF
LIGHT IN THE SKY —
THEY'RE TOO PARALLEL
TO BE METEORS'
TAILS! THEY MUST
BE EXHAUST FLAMES
FROM SOME KIND
OF AIRCRAFT!

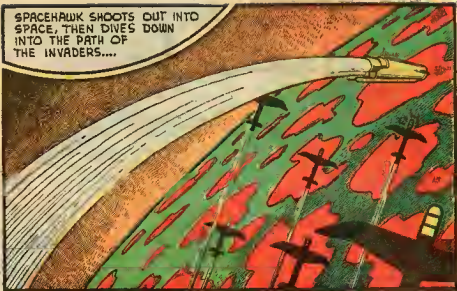


SPACEHAWK STREAKS
IN PURSUIT....

SHIPS TRAVELING
FIFTEEN MILES ABOVE
THE EARTH! FOR
EARTHLINGS, THAT'S
MIGHTY HIGH FLYING!
I'LL SOON FIND OUT
WHAT THIS IS ABOUT!



SPACEHAWK SHOOTS OUT INTO
SPACE, THEN DIVES DOWN
INTO THE PATH OF
THE INVADERS....



KOHLER STIFFENS AT SIGHT
OF THE DARTING STEEL GIANT...

WHAT THE --! ANOTHER
SHIP UP HERE IN THE
STRATOSPHERE!



IDENTIFY YOURSELVES
AND GIVE YOUR
DESTINATION, OR I
SHALL ATTACK!



A VOICE BOOMS
THRU KOHLER'S
EARPHONES....

THE FRIGHTENED CAPTAIN
DOES NOT REPLY TO SPACE-
HAWK. INSTEAD, HE
STAMMERS A COMMAND
TO HIS PILOTS....

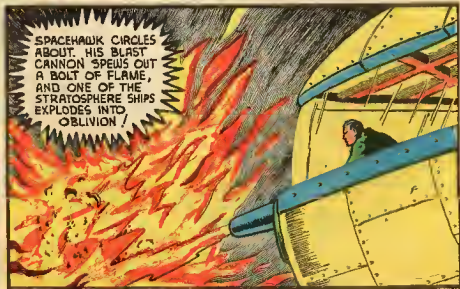
IGNORE THIS INTRUDER!
STICK TO YOUR COURSE!



THE COMMANDER'S
LANGUAGE AND
ATTITUDE PROVE
THESE ARE ENEMY
SHIPS! THEY CAN
IGNORE ME IF THEY
WISH -- BUT I'M
NOT GOING TO
IGNORE THEM!



SPACEHAWK CIRCLES
ABOUT. HIS BLAST
CANNON SPEWS OUT
A BOLT OF FLAME,
AND ONE OF THE
STRATOSPHERE SHIPS
EXPLODES INTO
OBLIVION!



A GIANT FLAME-
THROWER! WE'LL
ALL BE BLASTED
TO ATOMS! I'LL
HAVE TO GET OUT
OF HERE—QUICK!



LEAVING THE OTHER SHIPS TO
THEIR DOOM, KOHLER
RELEASES HIS BOMBS AND FLEES...



MILES BELOW, THE
LETHAL LOAD HURLS
TONS OF WATER
INTO THE AIR!

SPACEHAWK PUTS A
QUICK END TO THE
REMAINING CRAFT...

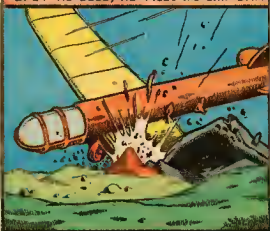
JUST AS I THOUGHT—
—ALL OF THEM LOADED
WITH POWERFUL BOMBS
INTENDED FOR SOME
OBJECTIVE IN NORTH
AMERICA!



NOW TO GET THE
ONE THAT TURNED
BACK!



KOHLER'S HEAD START GETS HIM
OVER HOME TERRITORY, BUT IN HIS
ANXIETY TO LAND IN THE FIRST OPEN
SPOT HE SEES, HE PILES HIS SHIP UP...



OUT OF THE FRYING
PAN AND INTO THE
FIRE! NOW I MUST
FACE HERRA NITWITLER!
I'D BETTER MAKE IT A
GOOD STORY, OR I'LL
WISH I HAD STAYED
IN THE SKY!



ALTHOUGH SPACEHAWK
KEEPS AN EYE ON KOHLER
BY MEANS OF HIS ELECTRO-
SCOPE, HE CANNOT REACH
THE OFFICER IN TIME TO
PREVENT HIS ESCAPE...



BUT AS SPACEHAWK
ROARS IN OVER ENEMY
TERRITORY, HIS EAGLE-
LIKE SIGHT IS ATTRACTED
TO THE PROTRUDING
MUZZLES OF THE RAIDERS'
LAUNCHING TUBES...



I THINK I'LL STICK
AROUND AND FIND OUT
WHAT THOSE THINGS ARE!

MEANWHILE, HERR HITWITLER
RECEIVES WORD OF
KOHLER'S RETURN.....



SEND HIM IN! I EXPECT
GOOD NEWS!

WELL—? I REGRET
TO INFORM
YOU, SIR, THAT WE
FAILED! THERE WASN'T
ENOUGH PRESSURE IN
THE GAS CHAMBERS TO
KEEP US ALOFT! THE
OTHER SHIPS FELL INTO
THE SEA! I MADE IT
BACK, BUT I—



FAILURES! FAILURES! I'M
SICK OF HEARING OF
FAILURES! PREPARE THE
OTHER SIX SHIPS AND TRY
IT AGAIN! FORCE MORE
GAS INTO THE CHAMBERS!
ROUND UP FIVE MORE PILOTS
AND TAKE OFF JUST AS
SOON AS YOU CAN! AND
DON'T FAIL THIS TIME!

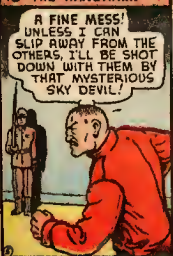


IT IS
SUICIDE!

YOU HAVE YOUR ORDERS,
CAPTAIN KOHLER! GO!



KOHLER HURRIES BACK
TO THE HANGAR....



A FINE MESS!
UNLESS I CAN
SLIP AWAY FROM THE
OTHERS, I'LL BE SHOT
DOWN WITH THEM BY
THAT MYSTERIOUS
SKY DEVIL!

SPACEHAWK IS JUST
PREPARING TO COME
TO EARTH WHEN SIX
SHIPS SHOOT OUT
OF THE GROUND....



AHA! THIS SOLVES
THE MYSTERY! MORE
HIGH FLYING RAIDERS!

I WAS NEARLY IN THEIR PATH, BUT AT THAT SPEED THEY PROBABLY DIDN'T NOTICE ME!



I'LL MAKE CERTAIN NO MORE SHIPS ARE LAUNCHED FROM HERE! AN ACID "BOMB" SHOULD BE JUST THE THING!



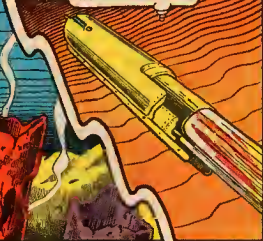
SPACEHAWK DROPS A CONTAINER OF DEADLY LIQUID....



THE POTENT ACID QUICKLY KNOWS INTO THE EARTH, DEMOLISHING ALL THE EQUIPMENT BELOW.



NOW TO FINISH THOSE RAIDERS BEFORE THEY REACH NORTH AMERICA!

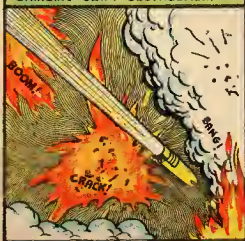


IN KOHLER'S SHIP...

WE'RE NEARLY ACROSS THE SEA, AND THERE'S NO SIGN OF TROUBLE YET! I BELIEVE WE'LL MAKE IT!



BUT SUDDENLY A LONG SHAPE KNIVES IN AMONG THE CRAFT, BRINGING SWIFT DESTAUTION!



SPACEHAWK FLIES TOO NEAR TO ONE OF THE SHIPS, AND IT EXPLODES DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF HIM...



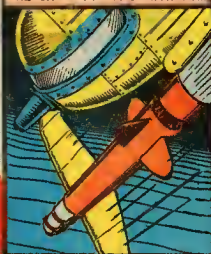
THERE GOES MY BLAST CANNON'S MUZZLE!—AND I'VE SHOT DOWN ONLY FIVE OF THEM! I'LL HAVE TO GET THE SIXTH SOME OTHER WAY!



HE'S DOWNED THEM ALL EXCEPT ME! I'LL OUTFLY HIM AGAIN, AND THIS TIME I WON'T DROP MY BOMBS TILL I'M OVER CANADA!



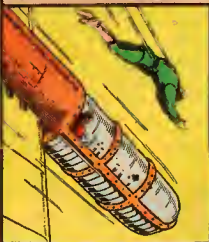
KOHLER SOON FINDS THAT HE CAN'T OUTFLY SPACEHAWK.



HIMMEL! HE'S RIGHT BEHIND ME!



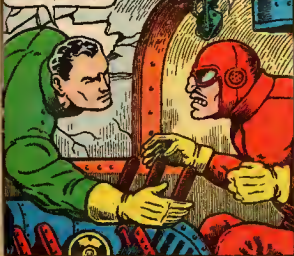
LEAVING A ROBOT PILOT TO FLY THE SHIP, SPACEHAWK LEAPS OUT UPON KOHLER'S CRAFT!



ONE BLOW OF HIS STEELY FIST BREAKS THE COCKPIT HOUSING....



WHAT'S YOUR HURRY, FRITZ?



WHY, YOU—! I'LL—

YOU WILL, EH?

SPACEHAWK DIVES INSIDE AND....



KOHLER TOPPLES INTO THE SKY!
HE MAKES IT TO CANADA, BUT
NOT IN THE WAY HE INTENDED....



INSIDE KOHLER'S
FALLING SHIP—

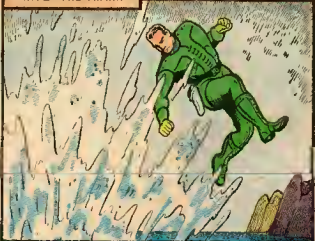


WHEW! THIS RIG
IS JUST ABOUT
TO CRASH!

SPACEHAWK TURNS
THE CRAFT AROUND
SO THAT IT HEADS
BACK TO SEA....

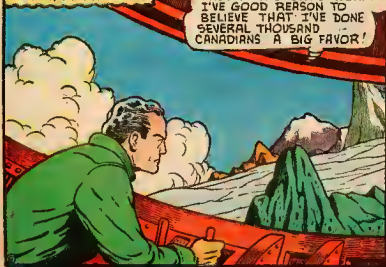


HE LEAPS OUT JUST IN TIME TO ESCAPE
THE MAMMOTH WAVE THAT IS BLASTED
INTO THE AIR...



LATER, IN HIS SHIP..

NOT A BAD DAY'S WORK!
I'VE GOOD REASON TO
BELIEVE THAT I'VE DONE
SEVERAL THOUSAND
CANADIANS A BIG FAVOR!



Next Month
DEATH
STRIKES AMERICA
FROM THE SKIES!
IN THE NEXT
SPACEHAWK ADVENTURE IN
TARGET COMICS!

PETE ^{Alias} THE Chameleon

STOCKBRIDGE

OKAY, PETE!

LET'S GO!
HOW ABOUT A RIDE
TO NEW YORK, MISTER?

HEY-!
WHAT'S THE
IDEA-?

PETE HAS BEEN CHEATED OF HIS VAST INHERITANCE BY A BAND OF CROOKS, LED BY A CERTAIN DR. KNUFE, THEN LEFT IN A STRANGE CITY... HE IS ENDEAVORING TO RETURN TO NEW YORK NOW, AND, WITH THE HELP OF AN ORPHAN LAD, NAMED RAGSY, HE HOPES TO DENOUNCE THE IMPOSTERS AND REGAIN HIS FORTUNE....

WELL OF ALL THE BLOOMIN' NERVE! -LEAPING SMACK ONTO A MAN'S BOAT!!!

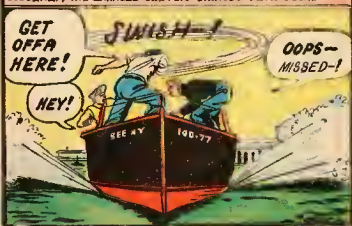
SUDDENLY, THE ENRAGED SKIPPER SHWINGS! PETE DUCKS....

GET
OFFA
HERE!

SWISH-!

HEY!

OOPS-
MISSED-!



GRABBING THE SKIPPER'S ARMS, PETE TRIES TO EXPLAIN

LOOK, MISTER! WE'VE GOT TO GET TO NEW YORK! AT THE MOMENT, WE'RE FINANCIALLY EMBARRASSED, BUT IF YOU'LL GIVE ME YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, I'LL PAY YOU DOUBLE FOR THE RIDE!

G'WAN, YOU BUM! YOU COULDN'T BUY A PINT OF ANYTHING!

OH, YEAH! LISTEN, FLANNEL-MOUTH! DIS GUY IS DA FAMOUS PETE STOCKBRIDGE! HE COULD BUY YOU OUT A MILLION TIMES! BUT SOME CROOKS CONKED HIM AND STUCK A RINGER IN HIS PLACE! NOW CUT DA LIP AND DRIVE US TO NEW YORK!

STOCKBRIDGE?

DAT'S WHAT I SAID, SAILOR! STOCKBRIDGE! DESE CROOKS MADE HIM LOSE HIS MEMORY SO HE WOULDN'T SQUAWK! BUT I BRUNG IT BACK BY SOCKING HIM WID A BOARD— HE WAS HUNGRY, AND SWIPING ME GRUB— HE'S RICHER DEN MIDAS, AND HE'LL PAY YOU ALL RIGHT!

IT SOUNDS CRAZY—BUT I'LL GIVE YOU A BREAK!

THE SKIPPER STARTS DOWN THE COAST...

ARRIVING IN NEW YORK, THE TWO HEAD FOR THE HEART OF THE CITY....

THANKS, CAP! I'LL MAIL YOU THAT MONEY!

GOOD LUCK!

C'MON! WE GOT WORK TO DO!

WITHIN A SHORT TIME, THEY REAR THE OFFICES OF THE STOCKBRIDGE HOLDINGS, INC.

SEE THAT BUILDING, BAGSY? MY UNCLE BUILT IT... IT'S THE CENTER OF ALL THE STOCKBRIDGE ENTERPRISES—THE NEWSPAPERS, OIL—REAL ESTATE—INDUSTRIES—

AND DEM CROOKS IS SITTING UP DERE, PRETENDING TO BE YOU, EH? LET'S GO IN AND FLOW 'EM UNDER!!

ENTERING THE BUILDING, THE TWO HEAD FOR THE MAIN OFFICE

HERE! YOU TRAMPS! HAT—?

EXCUSE ME, MISTER—BUT I HAPPEN TO BE PETER STOCKBRIDGE!

TELL, 'EM, PETE!

SUDDENLY ONE OF DR. KNIFE'S MENCHMEN SPOTS PETE, ENTERING THE HUGE OFFICE

WHAT THE—

HEY—! BOSS! THAT MUG—STOCKBRIDGE! HE'S HERE!

IMMEDIATELY, PANIC SEIZES DIRK-
THE FAKE STOCKBRIDGE- AND KNIFE--

QUICK! WE
MUST DO
SOMETHING!

MIKE! GET THE
BOYS! CHUCK THAT
GUY OUT FAST!
HURRY-YOU FOOL!



ABRUPTLY, A DOZEN OF KNIFE'S THUGS RUSH INTO THE OFFICE- LEAP
AT PETE AND RAGSY

THROW THOSE
PANHANDLERS
OUT OF HERE!

I GOT HIM!

LISTEN! I'M PETER
STOCKBRIDGE! THAT
OTHER MAN IS AN
IMPOSTER! I--

LEMME
DOWN-YOU
PALDOKA!

OH
YEAN?

GRAB
'EM!



FOR A MOMENT, THERE IS
A TERRIFIC SCUFFLE--

OOF!
SOCK
HIM!

I TELL YOU
I'M THE REAL
STOCKBRIDGE!
THAT MAN--



-BUT THE WEIGHT OF NUMBERS IS TOO GREAT.... PETE
AND RAGSY ARE FORCED TO THE DOOR....

HOW DID
THIS BUM
GET IN
HERE!

LISTEN!

ROUGH
HIM
UP!

LISTEN-YOU
DOPE! HE'S
TELLING DA
TRUTH! HE'S--

QUIET!



AT THE REAR STREET DOOR, THEY
ARE FLUNG OUTSIDE

HURRIEDLY, DR. KNIFE SNAPS
ORDERS AT HIS PAID THUGS....

GET OUT AFTER THAT GUY!
THE KID, TOO--AND KILL 'EM
THIS TIME! BUT NO GUNS! WE
DON'T WANT A POLICE INVESTIGATION!
MAKE IT AN ACCIDENT-- AND
MAKE IT FAST! NOW BEAT
IT!

RIGHT!



NOW KNIFE TURNS TO DIRK--THE
FAKE PETER STOCKBRIDGE...

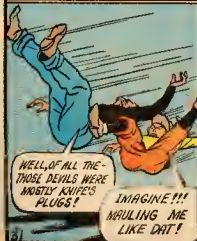
LOOK, DIRK--THIS IS A
TICKLISH GAME! TO BE ON THE
SAFE SIDE, WE'D BETTER COLLECT
ALL THE CASH WE CAN OUT OF HERE,
AND HAVE IT READY TO SCRAM
WITH, IN CASE ANYTHING BLOWS!

I THINK YOU'RE
RIGHT, DOC !!



WELL, OF ALL THE
THOSE DEVILS WERE
MOSTLY KNIFE'S
PLUGS!

IMAGINE!!!
MAULING ME
LIKE DAT!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, PETE AND RAGSY ARE WALKING DOWN THE STREET—

DA TROUBLE IS, PETE, YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE NO GENTLEMAN!! NOBODY'LL BELIEVE YOUR STORY, NID YOU LOOKING LIKE DAT—YOUR PALS, YOUR HELP, DA COPS! NOBODY! WE GOTTA GET YOU SHINED UP!

YOU MAY BE RIGHT, RAGSY—

GLOUT 'EM!

QUICK! GET 'EM INTO THE CAR!

MAKE IT FAST!

SUDDENLY A CAR WHIRLS UP—A SWARM OF KNIFE'S THUGS LEAP ONTO THE TWO WITH BLACKJACKS....

HURRIEDLY, THEY ARE DRIVEN TO A GARAGE, SHOWN INTO AN OLD TRUCK...

OKAY—I GOT HIM!

LAY 'EM UP FRONT!

A FEW MINUTES LATER THEY ARE STARTLED TO SEE THE DRIVER SLIDE FROM HIS SEAT...

PETE! WHAT'S HE DOING?

HOLY CATS—HE'S GOING OFF THE ROAD!

ONE HALF HOUR LATER, THE TRUCK AND THE THUGS' CAR ARE ROLLING OUT INTO THE COUNTRY— PETE AND RAGSY BEGIN TO RETURN TO CONSCIOUSNESS...

PETE! PETE! WHAT'S HAPPENED?

KNIFE'S MEN— GOT US IN A TRUCK! WE'RE IN THE COUNTRY—!

THERE HE GOES!

NOW FOR THE CRASH!

GOODBYE, BOY! PLEASANT DREAMS!

A SPLIT SECOND BEFORE THE TRUCK PLUNGES OVER THE HIGH CLIFF TO DESTRUCTION, THE DRIVER LEAPS TO THE ROAD....

RAGSY! GIMME THAT ROPE! QUICK!

PETE— WE'RE DONE FOR!

WITH SICKENING
SPEED, THE TRUCK
DROPS DOWNWARD.

STEP ASIDE,
RAGSY! LET ME
AT THOSE
DOORS!

ONE FURIOUS KICK OPENS THE TRUCK'S
REAR DOORS----

THERE!

PETE—
HURRY!

JUMP ONTO MY
BACK! GRAB MY
NECK!

DESPERATELY,
PETE FLINGS THE
ROPE TOWARD A CRAG—

—AND MIRACULOUSLY,
HOOKS ONTO IT... JUST
IN TIME, THE TWO ARE
JERKED FROM THE TRUCK....

MADE
IT!

WE'RE
SAVED!

PETE! UP THERE!
DEM GUYS IS
SHOOTING!

WE'LL HAVE
TO SHY DOWN
THE CLIFF!

ON THE ROADWAY, THE THUGS HAVE WATCHED THIS
PERFORMANCE WITH AMAZEMENT AND RAGE....

I CAN'T BELIEVE
IT! DEY WAS
GONERS!

KILL 'EM!
KILL 'EM!

THEY'RE ESCAPING!

PANG!
PANG!

PANG!

FETE AND RAGSY
MURRIEDLY MAKE GOOD
THEIR ESCAPE

HA-A! DA
BUMS! WE GIVE
'EM DA SLIP!

KEEP MOVING,
KIDDO - ON
THE RUN!

ONE HALF HOUR LATER, THEY ARE TRAVELLING BACK TO THE CITY--

NOW, OUR PROBLEM IS
TO GET SOME MONEY! I--

YOU NOTHING, MISTER!
I'LL GET DA DOUGH FOR
DIS EXCURSION!

YOU'RE TOO GREEN FOR
DIS BUM RACKET! ME, I KNOW
A THOUSAND TRICKS! YOU WAIT
IN DE PARK, AND I'LL GET DE
BACON IN AN HOUR! AND
NO LIP ABOUT IT, YOU!

IN THE CITY--

NOW LISTEN, YOU LITTLE WOLF! I
DON'T WANT YOU STEALING ON MY
ACCOUNT! HONESTY HAPPENS TO
BE A--

CUT DA PREACHING,
HAWKSHAW! I'M NO DIP-
THIEF! I GET MY JACK
LEGITIMATE! NOW PARK
DA CARCASS! I'LL BE
BACK
SOON!

A FEW SECONDS LATER--

HEY-LADY! WHAT'S
DA MATTER? CAN'T
YA GET A CAB?

NO--!

I'LL GET YA ONE!

OKAY, MONKEY-PUSS-
LADY WANTS A CAB--
--CORNER OF SEVENTH!

THANK YOU-
BOY!

T'ANK YOU,
LADY!

TEN MINUTES LATER--

AHEM--

FIVE MINUTES AFTER THAT--

HUMPH-
HUMPH--

AW-RIGHT!
KEEP YOUR SHIRT
ON! AGE BEFORE
HACKIES!

TOOT!
TOOT!

THANKS,
BOY!

RIGHT!

-AND SO ON--

THANKS!

THANK
YOU, BOY!

OKAY-
LAD!

MUCH OBLIGED,
KIDDO!

HERE
Y'ARE--!

MEANWHILE, PETE WAITS IN THE PARK...

LITTLE DEVIL - SHOULDN'T HAVE LET HIM DO THIS - HOPE HE STAYS OUT OF TROUBLE ... LET'S SEE HOW CAN I GET THE GOODS ON THIS DIRK AND KNIFE? I WONDER IF - THE WAREHOUSE -



SOON, RAGSY COMES RUNNING BACK...

OKAY, PETE! I GOT IT! 28 BUCKS! NOW WE FIX YOU UP, AND GET RIPPING?

RAGSY -! WELL, I'LL BE -



WITHIN AN HOUR, PETE IS A NEW MAN...

LET'S HOP! FIRST, I WANT TO PAY A SECRET VISIT TO DR. KNIFE'S OLD WAREHOUSE! WE MAY FIND SOMETHING INTERESTING THERE!

OKAY, BOY - NOW DAT I DONT MIND BEING SEEN WID YA!



AND JUST ABOUT NOW, KNIFE'S TUGS ARE REPORTING THEIR FAILURE TO DO PETE AND RAGSY IN ...

CRIPES, BOSS - THEY WAS LIKE MONKEYS - POPPIN' OUTTA DAT TRUCK! WE -

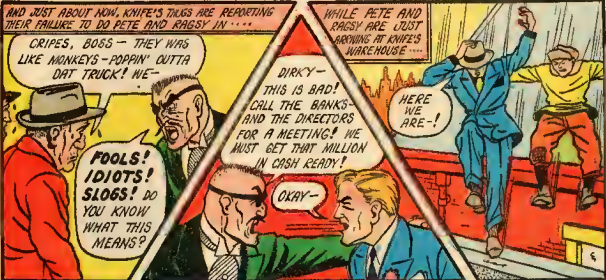
FOOLS! IDIOTS! SLOGS! DO YOU KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS?

DIRKY - THIS IS BAD! CALL THE BANKS - AND THE DIRECTORS FOR A MEETING! WE MUST GET THAT MILLION IN CASH READY!

OKAY -

WHILE PETE AND RAGSY ARE JUST ARRIVING AT KNIFE'S WAREHOUSE ...

HERE WE ARE -!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE LONE GUARD IS OVERPOWERED...

NICE - PETE!

WE'RE COMING IN, BROTHER!

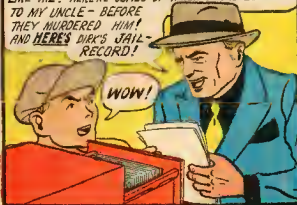
SOCK!



HURRIEDLY, PETE GOES THROUGH KNIFE'S PRIVATE FILES...

RAGSY - WE'RE SET! HERE'RE PHOTOGRAPHS OF MY FACE WITH DIRK'S SUPERIMPOSED OVER IT - TO SHOW KNIFE HOW TO OPERATE - MAKE DIRK LOOK LIKE ME! HERE'RE COPIES OF THREATENING LETTERS TO MY UNCLE - BEFORE THEY MURDERED HIM! AND HERE'S DIRK'S JAIL-RECORD!

WOW!



AT THE OFFICE, DIRK AND KNIFE ARE CONVINCING THE DIRECTORS TO RELEASE ONE MILLION DOLLARS IN COLD CASH

WELL, MR. STOCKBRIDGE, YOUR REASONS FOR WITHDRAWING THIS MONEY ARE VAGUE, BUT -

EXCEEDINGLY VAGUE!

YES.

AS MR. STOCKBRIDGE'S CLOSEST ADVISER, GENTLEMEN, I ASSURE YOU HIS REASONS ARE GOOD!! MAY WE TAKE IT NOW?

PETE AND RAGGY ARE RACING TO THE OFFICE

WE'LL PICK UP SOME COPS ON THE WAY!

-AN' SHOW 'EM DIS EVIDENCE!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, THEY BURST INTO THE MEETING

HOLD EVERYTHING, GENTLEMEN! THAT MAN IS AN IMPOSTER, AND I HAVE ALL THE EVIDENCE TO PROVE IT! I AM PETER STOCKBRIDGE!

DA!S RIGHT, GRAYBEARDS!

WHAT-?

WITH THE SWIFTNESS OF CAGED BEASTS, KNIFE AND DIRK ACT! OVER GOES THE TABLE - KNIFE GRABS THE MONEY, LEAPS FOR A BACK DOOR

HEY!

STOP THEM!

OUCH!

C'MON DIRKY!

CRASH!

PANG!

PANG!

WITHIN TWO SECONDS, THE TWO ARE FLEEING MADLY DOWN THE REAR STAIRS

I GOT THE DOUGH!

PANG!

PANG!

FOLLOW ME!

I KNOW A SECRET WAY OUT OF THE BUILDING!

LIKE A SHOT, PETE TAKES AFTER THEM - FOLLOWED BY RAGGY!

RA-AY! WE GOT 'EM ON DA RUN!

YEAH - WITH A MILLION DOLLARS OF OUR MONEY!

WELL, THAT'S ALL FOR NOW... WILL KNIFE AND DIRK BE CAUGHT NEXT MONTH? WILL TELL THE TALE, AND WAIT TILL YOU SEE HOW RAGSY TAKES TO SUDDEN WEALTH! ITS A RIOT! in NEXT MONTH'S **TARGET!**



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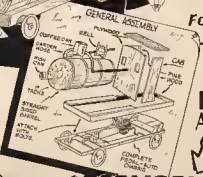
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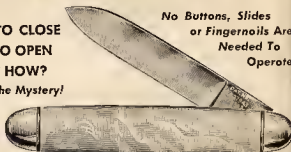
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